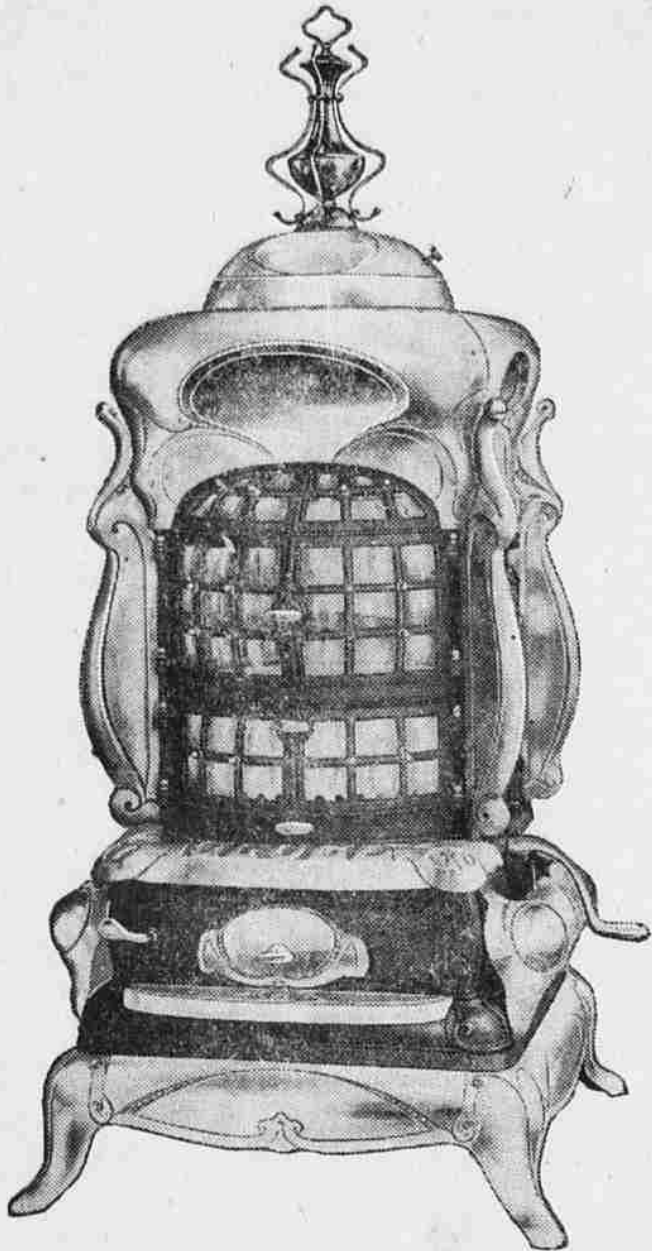


## Just Received a Shipment of GLOBE STOVES

The Globe is unlike any other heater. It has three flues—larger than any other.

Our guarantee to heat 1500 square inches more space than any other stove has been demonstrated to all who bought of us.



EVERY CUSTOMER SATISFIED.  
Demonstrates that our stoves  
prove fully up to our  
guarantee.

### C. F. RIDER

LIME CITY, OHIO.

## MEMORY AND ABILITY

GENERAL IDEA THEY ARE SYNONYMOUS TERMS IS WRONG.

Numerous Instances in History Where Men of Intellect Were Notorious for Their Forgetfulness—Humorous Case in Court.

During the course of a recent trial instituted for the purpose of deciding whether an aged millionaire had need of a guardian to administer his affairs, one of the principal arguments supporting the charge of incompetency related to defective memory. The issue is full of human interest and can be discussed as a psychological problem quite apart from the legal merits of this particular case.

Fate was surely in her most ironical mood when she tempted an alienist to testify that the octogenarian must be incompetent because of a faulty recollection of the court proceedings, and then forced the specialist to confess that he could not remember a question which had been asked him only a few minutes before. Holist with him own petard, the expert cut an amusing figure, but his profit from the striking lesson should outweigh all the personal discomfort to which he was subjected.

There are few fallacies more generally entertained than the theory that memory is an index to mental capacity. While it is true that an utter inability to recall anything outside of the fixed idea is a sign of insanity, it is equally true that many men who have made their mark in the world have notoriously bad memories. That is to say, they are remarkable for the things they forget, but it will usually be found that theirs is the treasure of a selective memory retaining only what is useful for present purposes.

A distinguished politician, also something of a wag, said that he owed

his success to an aptitude for forgetting everything, including promises and convictions, but excepting names and faces.

On the other hand there are countless instances of men with phenomenal memories who scarcely knew enough to come in out of the wet. They are literally peripatetic encyclopedias, very useful for reference purposes to others, but totally unable to focus their knowledge with any effect upon a given object. Their minds are junk shops rather than workshops.

As a French philosopher observed, a general is not great in proportion to the magnitude of his army, but in proportion to his command of the army for any immediate situation. Better a small army under perfect control than an unwieldy force apt to degenerate into a rabble when faced by superior order. He applied the illustration to the field of thought and showed that it was not the multitude of disorganized ideas, but the smaller number well arranged that usually won mental conflict.

In other words, success in life, to say nothing of mere competency in the legal sense, is not a matter of memory. It is the judiciously selective retentive brain that counts in the battle of life. Some few men have had prodigious memories which were not developed at the expense of the reasoning processes, but as a rule the law of compensation holds, and too much intellectual fat means too little intellectual muscles.

The latest in light fiction seems to be the reported raise in gas rates.

The idea that the marriage of two minors entered into in a spirit of recklessness should be annulled because both made false statements as to their ages should not be encouraged. There are too many immature marriages without making it invitingly easy to escape the consequences of their own folly.

## DEATH VALLEY FEARED

DISTRICT A TERROR TO PROSPECTORS AND TRAVELERS.

No Hope for the Man Lost on That Trackless Waste of Sand—First Madness From Thirst, and Then Death.

Death Valley has lost none of its terrors since 1849, when many gold hunters perished in their attempts to reach the bonanza fields in California, says a Phoenix (Ariz.) letter. The relics of that expedition yet remain on Salt creek to remind passers by of a heroic struggle against great odds.

Today Death Valley practically is unchanged. True, prospectors have dug for gold and silver and copper in the hills on every side; camps have been made and abandoned here and there; water holes and stations established in times of cross-valley travel between Panamint and Funeral Range; a ranch has been developed on which figs and melons and vegetables grow in great abundance—the mecca of hundreds of desert pilgrims and sightseeing parties.

A stamp mill and an aerial railway have been built and operated with a telephone line reaching to civilization; mule teams have been driven into the depths and hauled out borax; yet Death Valley, deep between the towering gray hills, sunken, treacherous, desolate, isolated, is unaltered by the coming of man. It is still the valley of death, claiming its victims one by one, and harboring many unmarked graves.

Earl C. Clemens, writing of the death of Peter Busch, a friend, says that eight years of desert experience failed to aid Busch, who was traveling by automobile. The car stuck in the deep sand.

Clemens says: "One has no idea of the oppression of the heat in Death Valley in summer, unless he has a personal experience of it. The sun rises hot and sets hot, with a night sky full of strange lights, like the flashing of fireballs, the phosphoric phenomena of a weird, spooky waste.

"The night brings some relief, but the new day dawns hotter, it seems, than the day before. The water in your canteen is nauseating, as it almost sizzles under the glare of the merciless sun. The air pressure, hot from above and below, almost staggers you, while your thick tongue, swelling rapidly from thirst, all but strangles you.

"The sand dunes, marked only by mesquite, swallow you without affording refuge from the heat, the wind blows as if from a fiery furnace; the sand shifts with the wind and the trail is lost; the burros may stampe and the last of your grub may be hopelessly scattered.

"Many have suffered horrible deaths in that far away and lonely place; gone mad from thirst and hunger, thrown away canteen, grub, clothing, and wandered aimlessly, only to lie down and die, the prey of coyotes and the grief of loved ones to whom their resting place is unknown.

"Some day, perhaps, a more fortunate pilgrim has found a skeleton and dug a grave with an occasional find of jewelry and papers by which the remains could be identified, but in the year in which I have been familiar with the stories of the lost in Death Valley, but few missing ones have been located. The valley had swallowed them to us, as the sea."

### Time for Reflection.

An old negro parson in a southern church was denouncing theft to his congregation, when he said:

"If there is any member of this congregation who is guilty of theft, he had better repent at once and be saved."

On his way home he was stopped by Old Rastus, who had listened to the sermon intently.

"Don't you think, parson, that next Sunday will do just as well as tonight to repent?" asked Rastus.

"But, Rastus, why not repent tonight and be saved, man?"

"Well, parson, it's this way," explained Rastus. "I want just one mo' chicken fo' tomorrow dinner, and I know wha' I can get dat chicken wid out bein' caught tonight."

"Well," said the parson, hesitating, "I don't know what to say, so I think I will take dinner with you tomorrow and then talk the matter over with you."—National Monthly.

### Barr Bars Slovans.

Capt. Barr of the Carmania, who distinguished himself in the Volturno rescue work, is a strict but just disciplinarian.

Of Capt. Barr, who insists on spotless neatness always, they tell a story in shipping circles.

A very dirty young diver, it appears, was boasting in an hotel smoking room about the dangers of his calling.

"Yes," said the young man, as he relighted the stub of his cigar—"yes, you sailors, Capt. Barr, think you lead a dangerous life, but I let me tell you, I carry my life in my hands."

"Oh, I see," said Capt. Barr, "and that's why you never wash them, eh—for fear you'll drown yourself."

### Had 'Em All.

In Chicago they aver that this is a true story.

At one of the "universal providers," or department stores, a shopper asked a floorwalker where she might find the "Brussels counter."

"Carpets, sprouts, or point lace, ma'am?" was the walker's query.



## SANTA CLAUS SAYS

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year  
And that the Perrysburg Journal will be a very acceptable present to send to your friends.

About two-thirds of all the cloves come from a little island named Pemba that lies about five degrees south of the equator, just within sight of the mainland of Africa, between Mombasa and Zanzibar. The island of Pemba is only 35 miles long and ten wide. It is a low, jungle-covered, fever-haunted spot, surrounded by coral reefs and inhabited by indolent, unintelligent and improvident natives and a small handful of Europeans.

The clove tree is singularly delicate and must have a combination of climatic conditions that exist in a few places on earth. Where it will grow at all it will grow wild and in profusion.

Capt. J. E. E. Craster of the British Royal Engineers has just published an account of a survey he made of the island. He estimates the average yield of a tree to be 35 pounds of cloves, and says that with a little attention to the plantations this could easily be doubled.

### Diplomat Who Vanished.

Of disappearances most mysterious was the case of Benjamin Bathurst, who vanished November 25, 1899, while engaged on a secret mission for the foreign office. Vienna was the young diplomat's objective, and, with his friend and valet, in a post chaise, Perleberg, a small posting town in North Germany, had been reached. Here Bathurst supped and slept, awaiting the arrival of fresh horses. Waking, he asked where the horses ready, and passed out of the inn door to make inquiries. Eight people saw him go out, but none ever set eyes on him again. Various theories were set afoot; Napoleon's spies, robbers, illness. About three years ago, in the forest, near Perleberg, a skeleton was discovered, with a hole in the skull, as from a heavy blunt instrument. Was it that of "the English lord," as Perleberg people surmised?

### The Research Engineer.

About a decade ago the great advantage to be derived from bringing the scientist directly to the manufacturer's workshop, provided this could be done in the proper spirit, becomes evident, and the institution now well known as the industrial research laboratory has gradually become firmly established. There are those who still maintain, and, no doubt, correctly, that the world's greatest discoveries come from independent investigators working alone, often amid great hardship, driven on by the fire of their own enthusiasm and complete absorption in one idea. Be that as it may, the industrial laboratory has now to its credit some remarkable achievements, which would do honor to any university investigator. It is also worth noting that these achievements are due in great measure to that broad directorship over research work which, while not imposing irksome restrictions, guides it toward useful ends. While spectacular results bring great credit to industrial research in general, and to this department in particular, it seems to be a fact, nevertheless, that such departments represent an excellent investment even when measured by the value of their day-to-day services of a minor character rendered to a great industrial organization. — Electrical World.

The chief signal officer of the United States army says that the number of civilians who can fly aeroplanes is fast diminishing. We seem to remember news reports of sundry cases of diminution, military as well as civil.

About this time of the year friend wife begins to look into the windows of millinery shops and to lose her enthusiasm for the Audubon society.

### Two Armies.

Last month was celebrated at Leipzig the centenary of that terrific "Battle of the Nations" which ended Napoleon's domination of central Europe. At the same time the American Electric Railways association was holding its annual meeting at Atlantic City. This body represents the employment of over 300,000 people—a number about equal to that of the allied forces at Leipzig. These workers are trained and exercised daily in steadiness, industry, efficiency; in the instant recognition of fact and skilful response to the call of duty. By these things they live and, so doing, they play a great part in the life of their time. The resulting spirit of helpfulness is proved by the action taken for pensions, insurance and profit sharing. In comparison with this triumphant army of peace how fantastic is the glory of the men who met at Leipzig to kill each other a hundred years ago!—Collier's.

### Consular Mass.

It is not generally known that in all the large cities in the Levant wherever there is a French consul or agent a special mass, called "the consular mass," is celebrated once a month. "At this mass," says Le Cri de Paris, "all the diplomatic corps attend as well as the representatives of orthodox Russia, and Protestant Germany. But the mass is always presided over by the French consul. The latter is seated in the place of honor, where a large red velvet chair with golden feet is prepared for him. No other diplomat has such a seat. Whatever the rank of our agent, everybody respects his prerogative, and our representative, whether he be Lutheran, Calvinist, Israelite or Free Mason, never fails to exercise it."

**Chamberlain's Cough Remedy**  
Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.